

Her Husband by MistressYin

Series: [Just A Word \[18\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Eleven | Jane Hopper (Mentioned), Jonathon Byers, Steve Harrington

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-11-18

Updated: 2018-11-18

Packaged: 2022-04-23 03:02:29

Rating: Not Rated

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 917

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Steve is abandoned by his kids.

Her Husband

Author's Note:

Hi. Back to the plot that doesn't even really exist.

And the phrase of the day is...Her Husband

Steve stared at Mr. Wheeler nervously.

He shifted his feet.

“You want to grab me another beer, boy?”

Steve’s feet had already taken him to the fridge, expecting the request (command?). “Gladly, sir,” he answered politely, holding the beer at arm’s length as he passed over the can.

He cursed his friends. Nancy and the kids were downstairs so he was stuck with the ‘men’ trying not to drink and avoiding Jonathon’s concerned gaze even as he took a sip of his own.

Steve briefly closed his eyes, before addressing the game he had on the TV, hoping to start a conversation.

The man just hummed into his cup. Jonathon seemed irritated with his lack of response, giving an exaggerated eye roll. Steve just shrugged, taking a drink of water to distract his mouth having not expected even the hum he received.

“Come on kid, have a drink. I promise I won’t tell Karen.” Mr. Wheeler raised both eyebrows invitingly.

Jonathon glowered into his cup. Steve made sure his laugh was sheepish.

“Oh, well, no thank you sir. I have an important test tomorrow, and well, you get it.” He fibbed.

“Ah well, suit yourself kid. You drank before?”

Jonathon looked ready to snap. Steve waved his hand, slinging his arm behind his back on the chair. “Ah, I’ve been pretty stupid with it, not going to lie. Got to try to break the habits, yea?”

“Everyone likes a guy who can fess up to his mistakes.” He agreed. “What about you sulky, you drink much? You sure look like it.”

Jonathon face scrunched. “Not really. I don’t like alcohol.”

Steve nearly slapped his face. Wasn’t he trying to make a good impression on his girlfriend’s father?

Mr. Wheeler raised his hands in surrender. “Ok, ok, yeesh, not trying to fight! I get it, after what happened to your family you’d like to have a clear head. Ya out drinking when your brother went missing or somethin’?”

“No. I was working.” Jonathon’s tone was both frustrated and dull.

Mr. Wheeler huffed, about to take another drink, but then raised his can in hopeful question. Steve obediently took the drink and got him another.

He felt apprehensive in this situation. Nothing in him wanted to be in the same room as his ex’s boyfriend and ex’s father, who he knew had a wife that was cheating on him.

It was awkward! Yet somehow, JONATHON was the one who was snappy like an angry turtle.

“So, do I need to have a talk with you about my daughter? I hope you know, I’ll kick your ass to Hawaii if you hurt her.”

Steve wanted to scoff. It was clear the man was underestimating Jonathon’s skills, and the fact Jonathon came in numbers. Fight him, fight his family and extended friends.

Steve had a good feeling Jonathon wasn’t the one who would hurt the other in the relationship, though. Nancy was...well, to be fair, she had cheated on him with the guy that took pictures of them having sex.

He was just SAYING.

“Jonathon’s a teddy bear.” He said while walking over and passing Mr. Wheeler his beer.

He was smacked in the back with a pillow Jonathon had launched across the room on his loner couch.

Steve winced. “An incredibly terrifying bird!” he corrected himself.

Jonathon snorted. “Why a bird?” his lips were doing that half-smile thing again.

“You don’t never everything about me! I have been traumatized by birds, I named him Tweeted!”

Jonathon seemed to forget his ire, grinning at him stupidly. “Tweeted? Creative.”

Steve nodded sagely. “It is!” he protested. “And just so you know, it practically ate my hand off! I still have the scars!” he motioned to his hands.

Jonathon raised an eyebrow. “The bird scarred your hand?”

Steve stiffened when Mr. Wheeler leaned over the mini table in between them to examine his hands. “They really are scarred up, yea? You trying to say a bird did that? Why not make the lie a bit more badass.” He muttered incredulously. He took another swig of beer.

“A bird did do some of it! It ate my hands.”

Jonathon gave him a stupid look. “Oh really!”

“Yes! And then it flew out the window and shattered glass everywhere! Ugh, my parents were so pissed.” He refocused his eyes and tucked his hand back into his pockets.

Jonathon’s face crossed between sadness and amusement now. Steve stuck out his tongue, the alcohol next to him still tempting.

“It happened.”

“Okay.” Jonathon said sardonically. “A bird ate your hand.”

“A bird that crawled out of a tree trunk covered in gunk, ate my hand.”

Jonathon’s face blanched while Mr. Harrington laughed heartily and shook his head. “Now that’s just bullshit.”

Steve winced at his choice of words.

Jonathons was looking at him sternly. “Where?”

“Hawkins forest,” he explained off handedly, “And yes, Tweeted is the demogorgan. Why do you think I wasn’t a bit more shocked to see it?” he knew he had a triumphant shit eating grin on his face.

The pillow smacked him in the head again. “And your telling me this now?!” Jonathon glared.

“You kept the existence of a girl who could move things with her mind from me! Excuse my lack of trust for my Ex’s boyfriend!”

Jonathon groaned. “Are you always going to use that over me?”

Steve laughed. “Of course I am.”

“Wait, you dated my daughter?”

Jonathon burst out laughing.

“It’s on, Byers. It’s on.” Steve growled.

Author's Note:

Thanks again from MistressYin!